

THE BRUSH-OFF



• THE BRUSH-OFF

VOL. 1 - NO. 2

APRIL ISSUE

MASS. SCHOOL OF ART
364 BROOKLINE AVE.
BOSTON - MASS.



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FROM THE T.T.'S

The mainstays of the class say that their thesis is due April 1, and somehow that's no April Fool's joke. They're in a muddle because of several projects being carried on at the same time. One is for Civilian Defense, a series of collapsable model towns, one foot to the quarter-inch, which will be sent as visual education aids for the street air raid wardens. The towns can duplicate any incident that could possibly happen during a raid. Another project is a group of Allied Nations maps which they say will probably be out of date when finished.

But the thesis is the main thing. Two days before it was due, one-half of the class was out with the measles, mumps, physical or mental breakdowns--which meant they were working furiously on the last few chapters.

But despite their hectic schedule, the T.T.'S still have time to go to the Charleston Navy Yard do portraits and illustrate the boys' letters--but then, that's not work.

Quick Notes--

T.T.'S are noted for their efficiency.....

Miss Nye--"In a democracy, everyone has to cooperate. And this class is one, I hope."

Lois Gustafson is having a hard time getting her work done--a gold bar in physical form is home on furlough.

Joe Colletta was back in class the other day...the class seemed normal again. He looked swell in his Air Corps "pink pants". We were quite interested in what he had to say about the Army. It seems he's been doing a lot of painting lately--"Keep Off the Grass", "Keep to the Right", etc. A far-fetch from the swell paintings and carvings he did here at school.

When he came home from camp he went right to bed and left a note for his unsuspecting family to wake him. They hadn't seen him since he first left for the service.

And he's doing all right, too. He received the third highest mark in his radio course, so we're very proud of him. Miss Nye looked to him to give the T.T.'s a military and disciplinary lift--it didn't work.

Ben Black, former M.S.A. crooner and design student is now in Red Bank, New Jersey and according to reports from him, Army life is THE life. (He'd make a good publicity agent for Uncle Sam.) Of course the fact that he is so near New York City, with all its attractions, might have something to do with his enthusiasm.

Ben's new associates think he can really sing--oh, excuse me...you can, can't you, Ben?

P.S. We wonder if Ben is still handing out Camels to everyone.

IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO.....

In B-6, last year, four divisions filled the classroom to capacity...the walls bulging and the floor sagging.

There was an anatomy class in B-6 last week--the lone student: Morton Sacks.

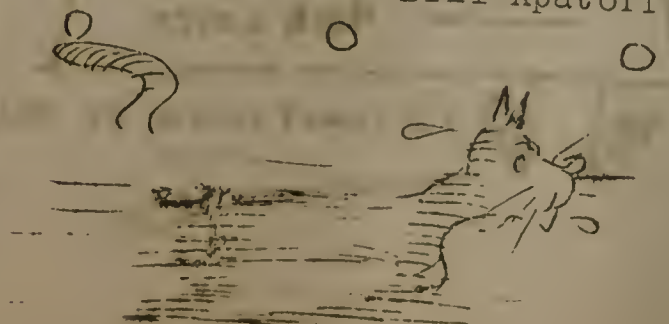
They've locked up one of the men's powder rooms....the clientele is practically nil.

There were three people up in the cafeteria yesterday, Mrs. Ross.....chin up, old girl, we told you things would pick up.

Mr. Kupferman is a new daddy, has exhibits in New York and in Boston and also, has been given membership in the National Academy. This is a Red Letter Year.

As all things must go, good and bad, the W.P.A. project went. Mass Art was bequeathed several hundred canvas stretchers--plenty of fire-wood for next year, boys.

Bill Apatoff



The Voice of the D.P.'s

Maybe it's the trend of the times---Mr. Gavin conducting a painting class for young ladies ...and Bill Apatoff...though Bill doesn't mind. We D.P.'s ...alias Graphic Artists... still have our memories...those two painter-painters---Connie Arvanites and Norm Palmstrom.

Our informant...joyfully... tells us that Johnnie Sawyer ...class of '42 is a corporal. We miss your movies, J. Richard ...and who hears from Teddy Giavis, Rico, or Cal....?

We are going to miss Lenny Goldberg... gentleman and painter...wonder if Irv Zusman is as conscientious an engineer as he was student...and Dave Berger... probably charming the Air Corps with that grin...as he did us.

It's strange...the way turps last longer than they did last year...hope the designers appreciate Mr. Philbrick...and lithography...and etching... as much as we would.

Jean Bacon

Notes on Connie...

Colossus himself...trimmed down to a neat waist-line. You can still recognize him, but there is only one Connie now where there previously were two.

He is a man of the world, assigned to paint on all war fronts for the Army. Just the man for the job.

If it is unknown, let it now be known---he has elevated himself. Ah yes, tut, tut! He has crashed society. Works of Art admired by the gallery parasites.

He still discusses exhibitors with a flourish of the hand, an up-lifting of the eyebrow and that political voice. "Now look," would come his voice from way down yonder in his massive frame--and then, a twinkle in his eye and you'd know that the voice was faked.

He'll stand up with the best of society and won't budge an inch--that's our Connie--slated for the higher things of life.

Ugo Donofrio

Bill Mason...

Adrian, Orry, Kelly, Kiam-- and Mason! For some strange reason Uncle Sam decided that winning a war was more important than designing beautiful clothes. Of course, we won't take that from anyone---except Uncle Sam, and by accepting this fact, we reluctantly gave up Bill who showed promise of becoming a designer of the "upper crust". He also did his share in keeping the situation among the Costumers well-in-hand. We're all with you, Bill, so don't forget Mass. Art---and above all, don't forget how to erect A and B.

Roslyn Schrier

Jimmy Gilmore

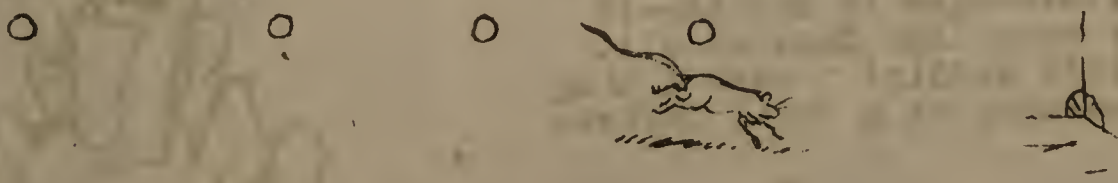
Army life will never succeed in dulling the irresistible humor of our former classmate and partner in crime-"Gentlemen Jim Gilmore". He even laughed off the tragedy of losing his luscious curly locks---

Quote-" These army barbers are the most merciless butchers in the world. After talking to myself for about a week I finally gathered courage and walked into one of those sheep shearer's stalls. 'Do you want to keep those sideboards?' asked the butcher. 'Yes,' said James. 'Well, here, catch them,' said the funny little man. One look in the mirror and I threw my comb away."-----Never mind, Jim, we still love you.

Betty Pollock

"Ace" Kilday is up to his old tricks..playing the field. He says flying is easier than driving a car. For him it would have to be. Remember the time the traffic cop asked him, "You were 't paying attention, were you, fatty?"....."No, sir".....

We're afraid the lanky Irishman might forget what he's doing and go sailing off into space, thinking about the injustices of Jim Crowism, the troubles of Martens, or the fair features of his Gen. Des. sisters, Marji, and Betty.....Charles Martens



QUOTES 'N' UNQUOTES

PRISCILLA GOODWIN

Well, Gates, here we are again giving all we've got straight from you fellows out there--so let's go!

First from our little Seabee Nat Bellantoni, who incidentally honored us with a recent visit at dear ole M.S.A.

"After a lecture on Navy tradition, we were told of a new branch of the SeaBees called Air Raid Protection. Twelve boys will be selected from each battalion. These men must have some knowledge of color or camouflage. I became interested and after the lecture had a talk with the C.P.O. and explained my art training. He was very encouraging and said he thought I would be selected one of the twelve. If I am, I will have four hours of school every day thru boot and advanced training, after which we will all have some sort of specialist rating--what, I don't know. Anyway, I have my fingers crossed and am doing my best."

And of a more recent date, "I told you about the camouflage or A.R.P. class...well, 20 of us had interviews and 12 were selected. I was the second one chosen. Tomorrow at 8:00 AM I report to class. Tonight I have the 1:30 to 4:30 fire watch, and at 4:30 I wake the barracks and fall in for K.P. Woe is the life of a recruit!"

From former Sophomore George Joel Shedd, now in the Air Corps at Atlantic City, we quote:

"Most of us have undergone the inevitable K.P. and post guard duty--apparently these are necessary evils. The marching is made much easier by the singing that we do. Up and down the boardwalk we march singing all the new war songs to help the cadence. They call this post the singing post--one has only to stand on the boardwalk for a few minutes any weekday to be convinced of that."

According to Ted Krasnoborski's card of Dec. 24, 1942--

"Well, here I am in the Fighting Tigers, the 10th Armored Division. Scheduled to go across soon. I am really attached to HDQ Battery. As soon as basic training is complete I'll be at HDQ messing around with maps and strategy."

"It's warm down here and we do our calisthenics in shorts--it doesn't seem like Xmas at all. So I ain't kiddin' " when I sing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas".

And here's early news as heard from a/c Bob Flanagan:

"They issued our uniforms (no more special cadet uniforms -- gosh, I look just like everyone else!!")

"--finished my classification tests ahead of time so thought I'd have some spare time...wonder how many potatoes have to be peeled for 1000 cadets?"

Our donation from Louis Calnek reads as follows:

"Don't know how, but I've put on upwards of 15 pounds of weight (!) --just call me chowhound! Did you ever hear of the Texas Panhandle? After a good storm we literally dug ourselves out of the dust inside the barracks which merely act as strainers."

Recent visitors to grace the halls of their Alma Mater were dapper 2nd Lt. Dick Shine and the ever "extinguished" personality of Pvt. Joe Coletta. Both look simply super and non the worse from disciplined routine. We understand the sleek Shine has joined the institution of marital bliss and looks the part!

This morning I arrived in the press room with the sweet surprise of a real honest-to-goodness "quote from 'Boston' Blackie (Ben to you). He claims he hasn't lost any weight -- he's just solid stuff. Wasn't he always?

He started training at Atlantic City as being in the Air Corps; from there to Camp Wood, which is part of Ft. Monmouth, N.J.

"This was Goldbricker's paradise --sign painting after school hours, but like everything, all good things come to an end! Then we moved into Camp Edison, also part of Ft. Monmouth, N.J. No recommendations of my artistic ability were forwarded so I drilled with the rest of them."

Upon further questioning Blackie commented, "I have no definite plans for the future. At present I am headed for???? in the very near future."

Blackie's old partner in crime, Cpl. Murray Miller spent his basic training at Miami Beach, followed up by swanky quarters in Chicago. The last we heard he was studying secret radio at Boca Raton Field in Florida.



Friend Freniere just this moment rushed in with our first letter to the press--from none other than Stan Stefanowicz. In it he expresses his thanks for the "Brush-Off".

"First, I will say I enjoyed this first edition very much and it did bring back memories. I thank you all very much, and I am looking forward to the next print of the "Brush-Off".

"I bet there is green grass now on that imitation of a battle field, where always someone would get a bruise or two, from those football games!"

I'm hoping, fellas, that you all (have to keep up with those of you down South!) will not hesitate to write to this column as a means of letting your special partners in paint-dabbling know what you're up to. So write soon and often, and we'll try to relay your choice bits of wit as soon as possible. And I will also be most grateful if you pick me up on any misinformation I might give out. So, respondez, men of the service, and remember, this is for you and only for you!

Hey! More surprises! Pvt. Irving Zusman is at this very moment gracing our press-room divan in interesting talk with Co-editor Betty Pollock. At present he is at Ft. Jackson in the 325th Engineers Battalion. He's really using that artistic eye of his and has earned for himself the Marksmen's Medal besides doing charts for his commanding officers, who discovered his artistic ability. Irving, however, feels that he can best do his part in plain hard work and has put ART into a back seat for the duration, although it will still be his life's work when the fight is over. Irving's idea of a back seat, though, has many of us gasping. With so little time to work, he still managed to bring back enough water colors, pencil sketches, and such to warm Mr. Philbrick's heart, fill the sketch Club bulletin board to the moldings and draw small crowds of awe-inspired freshmen.

Flash! In order to keep you all posted on any changes in address, we dedicate part of this page to just that purpose.

First off, we have a new address from Louis Calnek and get a load of it!

Cpl. Louis Calnek
#11113415 FLT 2-2-4
A.A.F.T.D. BKO. 104
Boeing Aircraft Factory
6600 Ellis Avenue
Seattle, Washington

Ain't dat somepin'?

More corrections:

Pauline Cronin A.S. U.S.N.R.
Div. 4 Sec. H
Chadbourn Hall D 23
Naval Training School (US)
Madison, Wisconsin.

Pvt. Americo M. DiFranza
Co. H and S 1875 Engr. Bn. Avn.
McChord Field, Tacoma, Wash.

Pvt. Richard C. J. Palson
A.S.N. 11093980
Barracks No. 14
AAF College Training Det.
State College, Penn.

And some additions:

Lt. Alf Braconier
148th Engr. Bn.
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Paul Edmonston A.S.
Co, 119-43 U.S.N.T.S.
Camp Hill,
Farragut, Idaho

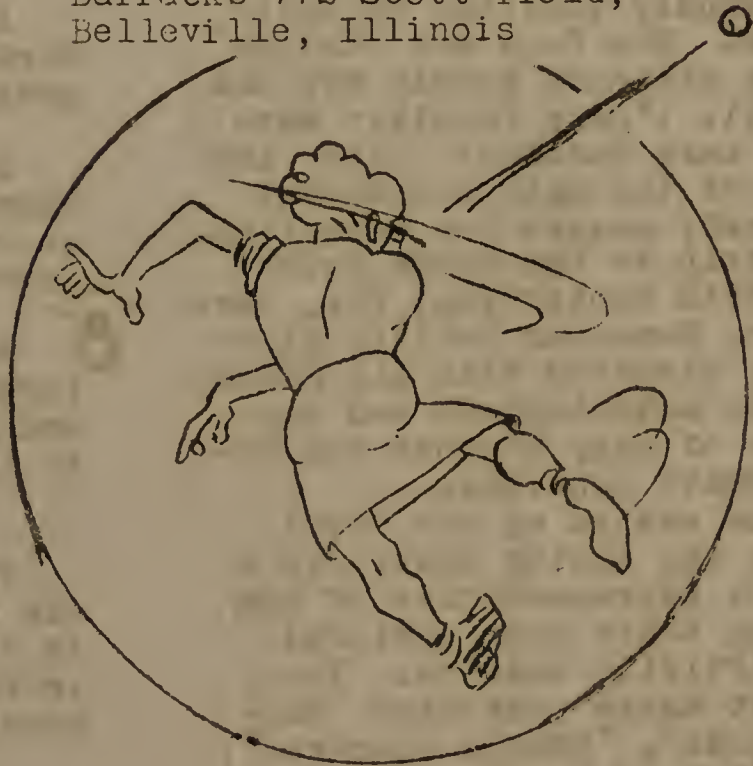
a/c Robert J. Flanagan
(A.A.F.C.C.) H-L
Nashville, Tenn.

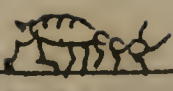
a/c J. Forster
C II Sq. Flt. D
SAACC SADF
San Antonio, Texas

Pvt. E. E. Grant 31296111
300th T.S.S. Bks. T-1058
Seymour Johnson Field,
North Carolina


Pvt. Hiram Haggett
765 T.T.S. Bk 410
Buckley Field, Colo.

Pvt. Urho R. Mark U.S. Army
30th Tech. Sch. Sqdn. Sp.
Barracks 772 Scott Field,
Belleville, Illinois





JUNIOR LEAGUE



Divorce news! The Juniors are now permanently split into two separate divisions. The designer may be recognized by his solemn scrutiny of every car card, show window, bottle label, or magazine ad, while that voice that you hear loudly expounding upon creative art and child psychology belongs to a TT.

A few valient souls are still clinging to the tiny, though terrific, Graphic Arts and Costume departments.

Do you know what a get-together is? Well, if you are in doubt as to its true meaning just ask the Junior Class—they will tell you—and with zest.

With the help of our Student Association refund and a few brilliant suggestions the Junior Class "went to town." Each and everyone appeared on the scene (MSA classrooms) slicked up, dressed up, and pepped up; no one would ever have guessed we were going anywhere, but we did, despite them. The "femmes" pranced off (some fourteen of them) after one lone male (not an uncommon sight these days). At the Union Oyster House, one Maharajah Petitto sat contentedly in the midst of his harem graciously toasting to their charm. The food was "delish" and a pleasant gossip was had by all. ("Dear faculty: were your ears burning") Later the rest of the male contingent arrived; meagre but masculine. The trip to the Opera House is worth mentioning, for, once again, Monsieur Petitto gleefully strutted with his harem, to the astonishment and contempt of many another not-so-fortunate gentleman.

Once seated at the Opera House the Junior class was a worthy representative of MSA baring their more cultured and artistic natures. The Ballet Russe presented "Sheherazade", "Chopin Concerto", and "Pringe Igor" while the Mass. Art brigade sat enraptured. The "gals" sighed at the sight of Frederick Franklin and the "gentleboys" were not unhappy at the sight of the feminine stars.

Maude Miller

Since our last writing, two more of our oh-so-rare males have joined the armed forces, leaving only Russell West (for a while at least) as the cock among all of us hens in the General Design department.

Our Uncle Samuel has given the nod to that Worcester lady-slayer, red-headed Stephen Thomas, more affectionately known as our Stevie. We look to him as our authority on the latest jitter-bug steps—and who can forget his meticulous drawings, and those tales of "Crown's" and "The Master"?

Paul "Wrangler" Madden, our drug-store cowboy and impersonator par excellence, has packed up his collection of "round-up time stories to take with him to the Air Corps. We shall miss his perpetually cheery disposition, always maintained in spite of many worries about class politics and constant heckling from his beloved confreres—and those green and brown color schemes!

News of our absent sisters:-

That blonde bombshell, Janet Baker, has deserted our happy throng and is now working at Bendix, where she is employed as a draftsman. (For further details consult H. Holcomb).

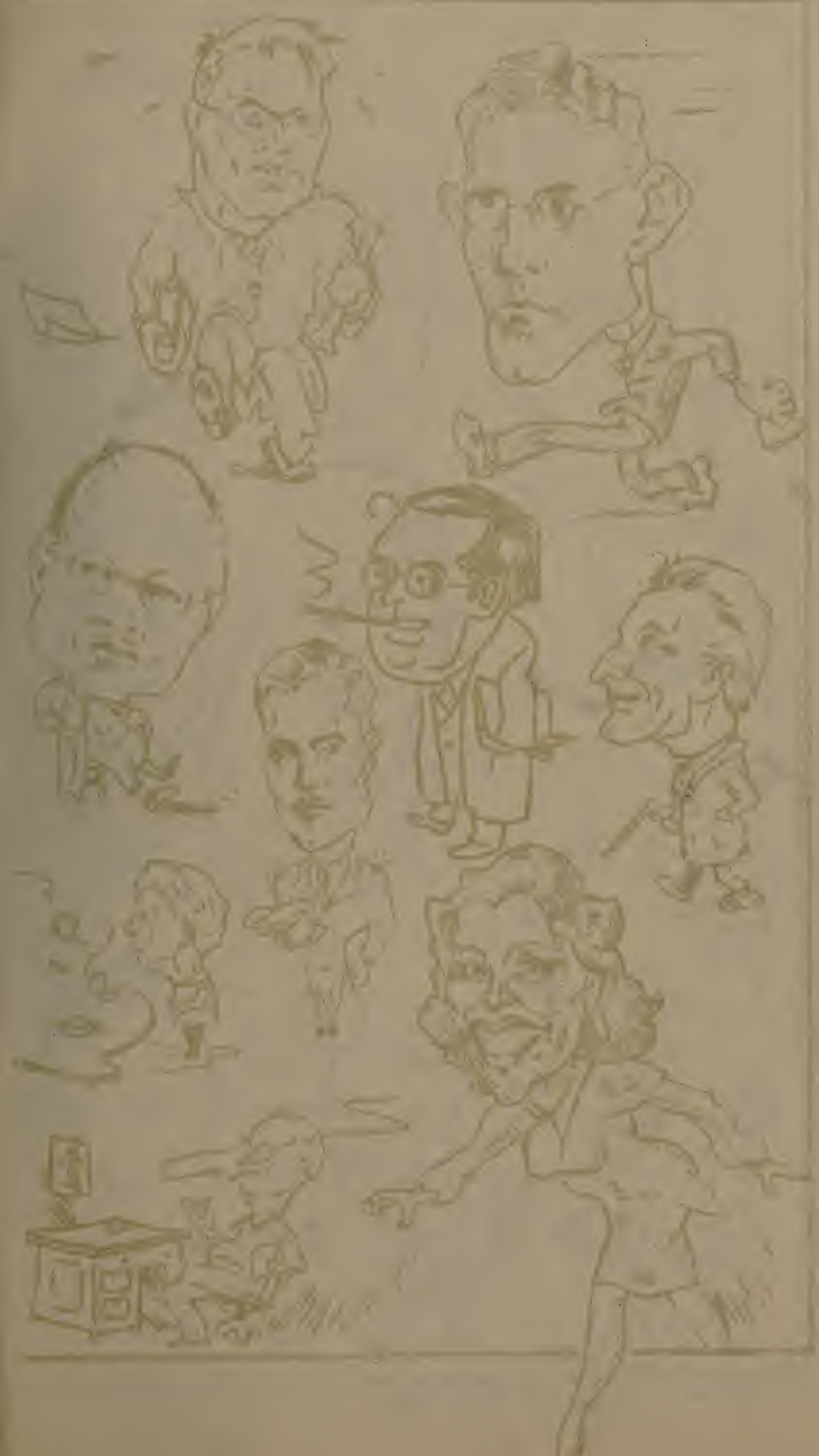
Linda Morrison is hard at work in Newton, retouching photographs.

Muriel Lambourne is at Gordon Theological School, where, it is rumored, she has other interests besides her studies.

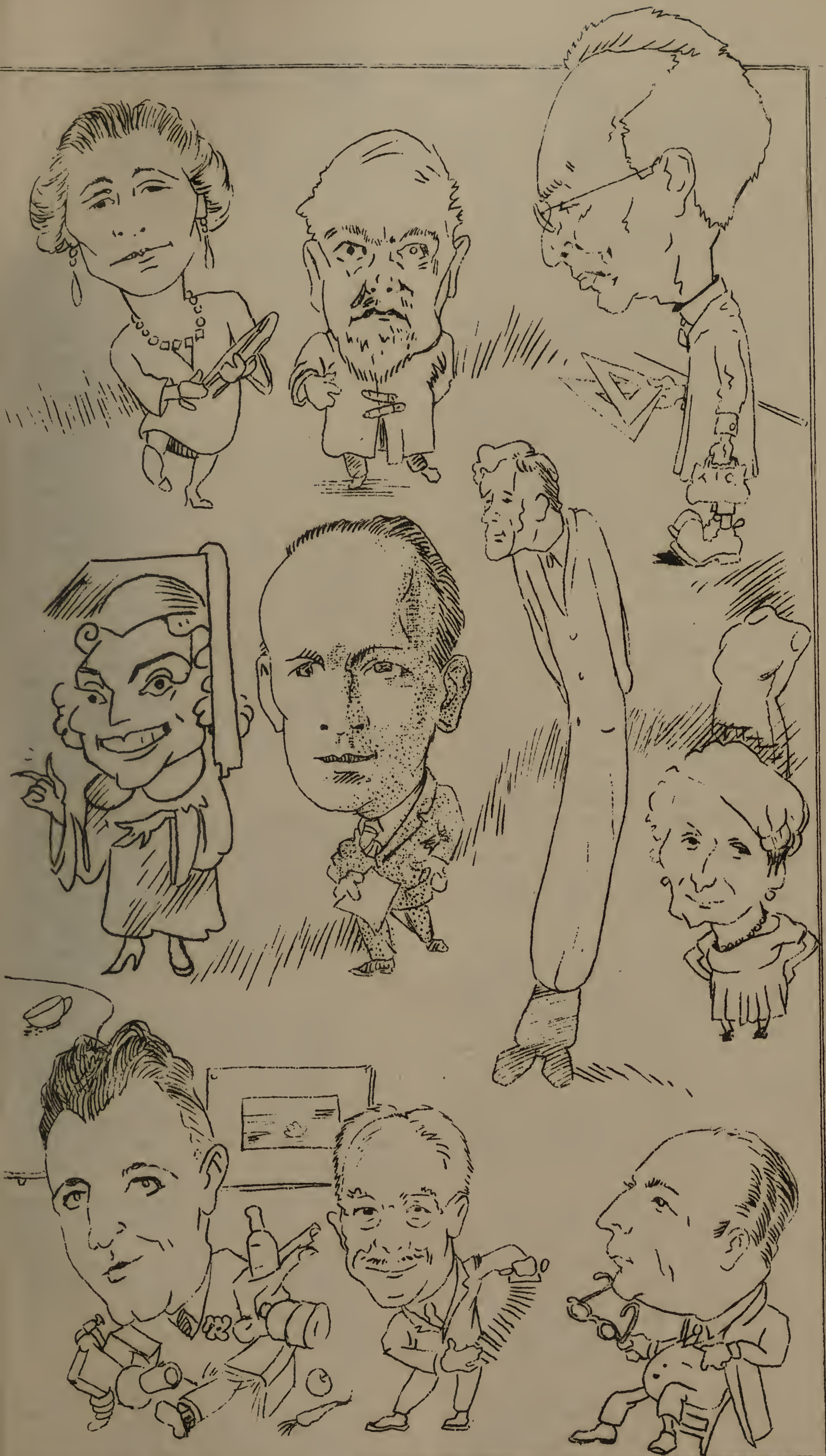
Wedding bells - Jean Mulcahy formerly of the TT department, and Donald Perrin have said "I do" to the preacher.

We rate with pride the patriotic fervor with which Barbie Pease is entertaining our brave lads in the U.S. Navy at the YMCA Service Men's Club.











Four Star News

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Great and acute have been the shocks of the present era. But we can't express how great was the chagrin---and pride---of the faculty and the student body when today, March 31st, President Reynolds gathered us in a special assembly to deliver this message:

"I'm not going to be a member of this family for a while. I shall be with you just one more week, while I am packing my bags. Then I'll go to Washington for the usual "shots" and to prepare for Red Cross work overseas. In four or five weeks, I'll be outside the continental United States.

"I have been granted a leave of absence. An acting president will be named. I look forward to seeing again the students with whom I've been associated, and those who are graduating in May, on the outside when I return."

President Reynolds expressed appreciation and pride in the students for their cooperation in the war effort which won for Mass. Art recognition from the O.C.D. and the Victory Pennant. As far as can be ascertained, no other school or college in the United States has received this award.

"The future of art school graduates is better than it has ever been in the history of art schools in this country. The post-war period will be one of great activity. All the things that are wearing out, that we're doing without, must be replaced. The vast field of new materials and inventions motivated by the war, otherwise would not be realized by us for the next twenty-five years. With all the new things that must be produced, the molds to be cast, colors to be selected, the designer will be one of the first fellows consulted.

"If there's a job outside the field that offers the temptation of more money, think twice! After the war I can assure you there will be a good job waiting for you. Do your schoolwork, and do a swell job on your extra-curricular war jobs.

"My one request is that I be put on the mailing list for the service men's newspaper, THE BRUSH-OFF!"

Pres. Reynolds was a "freshman" at Mass. Art with the present graduating class, and his four years with us are scored with pleasant associations and earnest endeavor. He has worked untiringly in behalf of the students, and he has encouraged student initiative. The measure of our gratitude to him is great, and with him go our sincere wishes for success and a safe and speedy return to his home and to our school.

MR. PALMSTROM AT THE HELM

The students have been eager for the announcement as to who will take over capable Pres. Reynold's duties now that Washington has appointed him to overseas duties with the Red Cross. In assembly on April 2 our answer came when Pres. Reynolds and Mr. Palmstrom ascended the platform together. After the brief announcement by the President that Mr. Palmstrom was to assume the responsible position of President of Mass. Art, our new chief addressed the student body.

Administration has never been his goal, for he has been completely happy in his classroom work and with outside activities. He feels as his sons felt last year, that he too would like to pitch in and help win the war. Last year he heard that call again and he was tempted to answer it. P.O.P. did it back in 1917, and we know the fine job he did.

"Mr. Reynolds is a younger man, and he has heard that call too. I feel that in the army I would be more of a hindrance than a help. I can be of more service here at home, and assuming the duties as President of Mass. Art seems to be the way in which I can serve best."

Mr. Palmstrom assumes his new duties after thoughtful deliberation, and with sincere determination to do a creditable job. He asked co-operation in this of the faculty and student body, and sustained, enthus-

lastic applause was our firm answer.

Pres. Reynolds was gratified by the response and will leave us, fully assured that things will be running smoothly at Mass. Art.

PRESIDENT REYNOLDS RECEIVES REMEMBRANCES FROM STUDENTS

Surprise has followed surprise, but this time it was the President's turn. While the assembly hall was hushed in thoughtful consideration of Mr. Palmstrom's fine address, Mary Kelly spoke for the Student Association as she fastened on his wrist the Movado Service watch, our "going-away" present to him. She expressed again our gratitude and our well-wishes, for Godspeed on his journey.

Pres. Reynolds was speechlessly pleased for several moments. Then he expressed the wish that we might be going all the places the watch would go.

The Seniors' gift to him was a silver identification bracelet, symbolic of the bond existing between him and the graduating class, and given with wholehearted wishes for continuance of that bond, and for his future happiness.

ART INVASION AT CAMP DEVENS

The boys up at Camp Devens were amazed a few days back at an influx of fellows and girls loaded down with all sorts of paraphernalia. We were perfectly harmless, however, a group of twenty students from Mass. Art accompanied by Miss Nye and Mr. Corsini.

After a bus ride of an hour and a half we finally arrived at the camp, and we were all impressed at the vastness of the place. We rode through the camp for what seemed like miles and finally came to our assigned service club. The club treated us royally to a dinner such as seldom appears at home these days.

It was quite a treat to see so many men en masse. There were a goodly number of WAACS sprinkled around also. Betty Maloney, who incidentally made quite a hit with the boys, announced that we were there to

sketch portraits, illustrate letters, do finger-painting and so on.

Everyone seemed very pleased with Dick Freniere's cartoons, Ugo Donofrio's portraits of WAACS, Betty Maloney's pastel portraits, and Pris Goodwin's conte ones. Pauline Appert tried tempera portraits, which were very successful. The clay bust that Albert Pettito modeled was superb, and he is planning to cast the head and send it to the soldier who posed for it.

The boys certainly enjoyed the evening. We were invited to return as soon as we could, and another group will probably go up to Devens in about a month.
Ruth Sweet '43

Exhibitions We Remember

Mass. Art has been well represented in exhibitions about town this season. In the recent show of Paintings of Twentieth Century Boston at the Institute of Modern Art, several water colors and a dry point by Mr. Kupferman were among the most interesting features, while at the same time Mr. Philbrick was exhibiting two of his vibrant pastel portraits with the Boston Society of Water Colorists.

Several of our illustrious classmates are currently showing their work at the Ross Gallery. They are Dick Freniere and Russell West of the Junior class; and Joe MacDonald, Hubert Lieberman, and G. Joel Shedd of the sophomores.

Last fall the Museum of Fine Arts presented a retrospective exhibition of the guild of Boston Artists, including the work of this organization from its inception to the present day. Guaranteed not to shock even the most conservative, the display was either welcomed with open arms or greeted with jeers of disgust, depending upon the sentiments of the individual observer.

At the Grace Horne Galleries we viewed the brilliant drawings of George Grosz, satirizing typical German society in the years before he became an exile. In the adjoining gallery we were delighted with the oils by Herbert Parnett, whose fresh, sparkling technique, solidity, and fine design are always a source of joy to liberals and conservatives alike.

The Museum of Fine Arts brought forth for our edification a collection of original drawings by Charles Dana Gibson, outstanding illustrator of the "Gay Nineties" and creator of the Gibson Girl. He was before our time, but we found much of interest and amusement in seeing what used to thrill our elders when they were young and gay. And it was quite a surprise to most of us to learn that Mr. Gibson has lately developed a new and prolific enthusiasm for oil painting.

The Institute of Modern Art currently has on display paintings by the most outstanding European modern artists who are now residing in America. Including such men as Dali, Leger, Tchelitchev, Maholy-Nagy, and many others, the show contains a wealth of fascinating material and is thought-provoking to the nth degree.

Barbara Corrigan

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Where there's smoke---unhuh, you usually find fire. But in Mass. Art it's only rest period. The select little group who gather in the corner by the elevator and janitor's office send up this screen every day at rest periods and at lunch-time gab-fests. It gets so bad sometimes that Mr. Porter employs his modeling stick to carve his way out the back door to the parking space.

But the creators of this nicotine fog don't mind its density at all. They've learned to recognize each other in the gloom by the outlines of blobs of dark masses they form. It's not uncommon when one of the group goes outside to see him in a terrible fit of coughing - fresh air, you know.

This group has a password and an emblem of membership. The password---have you got a snipe? The emblem, recognized by non-members only---an encasing aroma of tobacco. The only thing you have to do to join is to buy a pack of cigarettes and pass them around. Hmmm---wonder where I can find a candidate?

Marjorie McKowen

A MESSAGE FROM P.O.P.

With the press of work, in the school and out, I have not found time to answer all the fine letters I have had from you who are in the services. I am taking advantage of a little space in your paper to thank you for those letters and to tell you that I deeply appreciate hearing from you. I still have a real interest in what you are doing and in your progress just as I had in the class room. The best of wishes to each of you.

P. O. Palmstrom

BIOGRAPHY OF THE BRUSH-OFF

The BRUSH-OFF was started by Pres. Reynolds because you fellows wrote that you'd like to hear what was going on at Mass. Art. He appointed Betty Pollock and Mary Kelly as editors-in-chief. They chose the rest of the staff and they went to work.

Never had any kind of paper been attempted at Mass. Art and it was a sad affair at first. Finally, with the help of Mr. Butler, the foundation of The BRUSH-OFF was laid, and then, working with only the school typewriter and a small allotment from the Student Association, which was used in former years for entertainment, we began.

The Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman editors went to their classes and put the problem up to each of the students. The idea went over immediately, and written material began to pour in. Dick Freniere did many of the cartoons, and as Art Director, he recruited the others. Besides doing his appointed job, he has been general office boy, producer and spiritual up-lifter of BRUSH-OFF. Betty and Mary devoted a great deal of time and enthusiasm to Brush-Off planning, missing classes to do it.

Mr. Butler helped Martha Haskell, the Literary Editor, edit the material, once gathered, and we were ready for actual publication. You'll be interested in our Press, or publication, room.

It is a room that wasn't used until this year when we were granted permission to make it into a lounge. Since we were in the newspaper business, it was the ideal place to work; so we fitted it out accord-

ingly, with copy tables, typewriters, pencil, erasers, spit-
oons and ashtrays

We had one big obstacle---
typists. We had many who came
and typed, but since stencil
cutting was to us an unexplored
art, it wasn't until most of
the first issue was cut in-
correctly that the secret was
discovered. All those cut wrong
had to be retyped. Mary Kelly
took over the job. Upon request
she will recite the first issue
backwards.

As the stencils were typed,
they went upstairs where the
mimeograph machine was in full
swing under the guidance of Dick
Freniere. As you will notice
we had a little trouble inking
some of the first pages, and
pencil-completed letters are
apt to spring up out of the page.
But then, a conference was held
with the Dean's secretary and
the mimeograph instruction book
and we tamed the ugly beast.
Despite a few waste-baskets full
to over-flowing with spoiled
stencils and paper, we're doing
fine in this, our second, issue.

Remember, this is not the
work of a few people; this is the
combined efforts of a whole
school. Everyone in Mass. Art
through these issues, wishes to
tell you how much we miss you.
And we wish you all the good
luck in the world and hope that
you enjoy The BRUSH-OFF as much
as we have enjoyed doing it!

FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE ON THE HOME FRONT

A large gathering of students
parents, faculty and guests wit-
nessed the award of the prized
victory pennant to Pres. Reynolds
in the Assembly Hall on April 10/.

Mr. Gillis, who trains A.R.F.
in Massachusetts, acting as master
of ceremonies, read a letter of
greeting from J.W. Farley, ex-
ecutive director of the Massa-
chusetts Committee on Public Safety.
The message explained that the
outstanding service rendered by
Mass. Art meant keeping morale
high, keeping production rolling
and doing this in the tradition
set up by our fighting forces-
and that we are the first art
school in the United States to
receive this award.

John J. Walsh spoke in behalf
of Mayor Tobin, who was unable
to attend. Of our war work he
said, -"We have long recognized
their contribution to public
defence. It has meant hard work
for faculty and students. On
behalf of Mayor Tobin, I extend
the official greetings and con-
gratulations of the city of
Boston."

Patrick J. Sullivan of the
State Dept. of Education came up
from the spelling bee at Faneuil

hall to pinch hit for Commis-
ioner Downey. He pointed out the
contrast between war and the
purpose of an art school,-and,
therefore, the application of
Mass. Art to the war in order to
preserve the principles of dem-
ocracy. He concluded: -"Con-
gratulations to the students
for their fervor, interest and
patriotism, and to their in-
spiration, Gordon Reynolds!"

Joseph Loughlin, Regional
Director of the First Civilian
Defense Area explained that the
victory pennant had been awarded
only twice before in New England;
that Mass. Art had offered their
services to all public and govern-
mental services. He described
the volume of work the school
had produced to fulfill that
pledge.

In awarding the pennant to
Mass. Art he said, "It affords
the C.C.D. an opportunity in a
tangible way to pay tribute to
the faculty and students of Mass.
School of Art for a lot of hard
work they've been doing for the
last two years. Some of the
work has benefited civilian de-
fense beyond measure and is of
such value it has been used in
other parts of the country.
-Here is the answer to the cur-
rent accusation that young people
are soft, that they cannot come
through in a crisis."

Mr. Loughlin formally made the
presentation to Pres. Reynolds
-"with appreciation for what
you've done in the past, and God-
speed in your new undertaking."

Pres. Reynolds proudly receiv-
ed the pennant. Then he describ-
ed the work of the past two years
and how we had coupled creativity
with hard work. The school has
offered to agencies over 68,000
man-hours of work in carrying out
these projects. The President
provided these figures to dis-
prove the old belief that an ar-
tist must be "boarded-up-and-six
feet-under before his work is
recognized. He spoke of his sat-
isfaction in the unselfish coop-
eration of the students in giving
up their other work, and giving
so much time and overtime.

In his words, "this kind of
work will continue for a better
post-war world."

Following the exercises, the
group, including some former grad-
uates, mingled in the foyer and
exchanged greetings. This was
our last meeting with Pres. Rey-
nolds for quite some time. The
students acknowledged his abound-
ing energy and foresight in our
school as a leader in the wartime
program. We know that his service
to the Red Cross will be inval-
uable.



SOPHISTICATED SOPHOMORE

SOPHOMORE SCOOP

Curl up in your bed jackets and turn the radio off, boys-I want to talk to you.

I am assured by our mailing department that you all have received our first issue of the Brush-Off. (Sound Trumpets, please!)

You've all had a taste, bitter or sweet, of our idea on what you'd like to read about. Now behind the back of my partners in crime I am putting all of you on my staff-meaning any enlightenment on what a soldier wants will be carefully considered. Just send your name on a penny postcard and 2 box-tops-----oops, wrong script!

Of course any desires that involve some sweet young things will be turned over to our lonely hearts bureau, but aside from that anything goes.

P.S. Incidentally I'm also in charge of the L.H. Bureau.

POE=AHM!!

Consideration and
Intention....
Induction and
Abdication....
Regulation and embarkation

Gals, there goes our stimulation!

I know, but it makes a good story

With all the Sophomores taking block printing this semester, it occurred to me that printing blocks must be pretty important. My infant sister has about ten of them she doesn't use--perhaps we could print them-no? Oh, linoleum? Dig? Gouge? Knife? Where does the block come in?

A piece of linoleum and a knife and I am block printing.

Whoops-knives are pretty sharp--oh well, I still have nine others oops-eight others. Leave the dark, and cut away the light. This is fun! Dig, dig, dig. Well, all right. Go' way, don't bother me. Can't you see I'm busy? --and stop tapping on my back Huh? Oh! (gulp) --Good morning President Reynolds. I'm, ha-ha block printing....



G.I. MISS

We'll miss the amazing whiffles of Ronnie and George pardonme, I mean G. Joel Shedd. Each haircut was expressive of the personality of its owner: Ronnie's was more of the debonair type while George's was somewhat on the frustrated side.

The girls' locker rooms, which each day after school would echo with Charlie Price's booming cry, "Viennaser", now rings only with the sound of feminine voices. Pretty soon, we'll be calling it "The Old Maids' Sanctuary!"

When Ray Drew left us, he also took with him two of our best friends, Cynthia and Ethel. The humorous experiences of these two were the talk of the school.

Who could forget that tall fellow in the green smock who was continually rushing hither and thither in such a business-like manner? When he slowed down to five miles an hour, he was identified as Richard C.K. Palson, student association officer.

Gone are the days of that famous Lieberman-Shedd-Sweet feud or tric---whichever you prefer. George no longer has to listen to lectures on "robbing the cradle," nor does Eddy have to bear up under the accusation that he has a wife hidden in a haystack somewhere. Poor Hubert gets accused of everything the other two don't, in spite of his angelic expression.

The girls are still talking about the day we spied a tall, nice-looking marine out in the foyer, and upon closer examination found it to be our own Joe Shaughnessy, "which ain't hay!"

Jean Maccabe was the envy of the locker room when she brought out Sam Morse's picture for general approval. The commotion almost brought out our pet mouse, Horatio, to see what was going on.

Kay Wainwright

FRANTIC FRESHMEN

Hi, fellows, here we are once more! We may be only freshmen and the infants around M.S.A., but we're getting along.

Up to now it has been only the upperclassmen who have had life classes. Well, we are an exceptional class of freshmen—we too have had a life class. Into the classroom we marched, big as life, but still wondering what it really was all about. Amid blushes and much speculation we settled down and really had an interesting class.

We are the youngest and newest members of Mass. Art, but already we have lost some of our members. Among our absent classmates in the service now are Art Knapp, Ed Quinn, Paul Romano, Frank Geruskus, Gene Parker, Dick Hermann and Fred Hammond.

The Air Corps snatched up Art Knapp, that "other" man in division 1. Now that he has left, Frank (Doc) Browning has his own private harem. Don't know how long he'll have it though 'cause Doc expects to leave soon himself.

Ed Quinn has only just left us and is in our regular army, while Paul Romano has been studying in the Signal Corps.

Frank Geruskus and Gene Parker are also members of the Army, and Fred Hammond is on his way to join them.

The Tank Destroyers unit of the Army has our quiet (?) Dick Hermann in its midst to help get rid of a few of Hitler's tanks.

We wish all our members already gone and the few left who expect to leave shortly "all the best in the world!"

Division II has been doing its own bit in aiding the war effort. We've been helping our worthy seniors who are taking the Teacher's Training Course in doing their O.C.D. project.

Also several little Freshmen girls have been doing a bit of aiding by knitting nice warm sweaters for your men in the service. So far we only have seen khaki and olive drab yarn. Wonder what's wrong with the Navy? But that will probably pop up next!

"Come, right in! Won't be bashful!"

Those were the words that greeted us when first we entered Room A-7 - the modeling room in charge of Mr. Porter. After all, being mere Freshmen, we couldn't barge right into a class that few of us knew nothing about. However, after a lecture of about one and one half hours, we settled down to digging clay out of the bin.

Then came the period of getting the clay in workable condition. The dreams of the masterpieces which we would easily create from the oozing lump of clay sticking to our fingers - ah, such dreams!

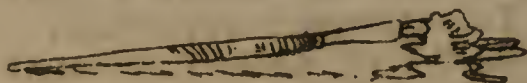
What the results really were, we are not disclosing, but Mr. Porter has been more than patient with us, and by the end of the year we expect at least to mix the clay properly...

Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night mumbling, "I am just a frightened freshman, as humble as can be.....?"

Did you ever struggle under mountains of portfolios, water color boxes, and drawing boards into a strange room and find odd creatures grinning at you as though you were a freak?

Did you ever run up stairs and down stairs (four flights of them) to get a coke and then not get a sip of it?

Did you ever have to produce a match and cigarette and then not be able to smoke it yourself?

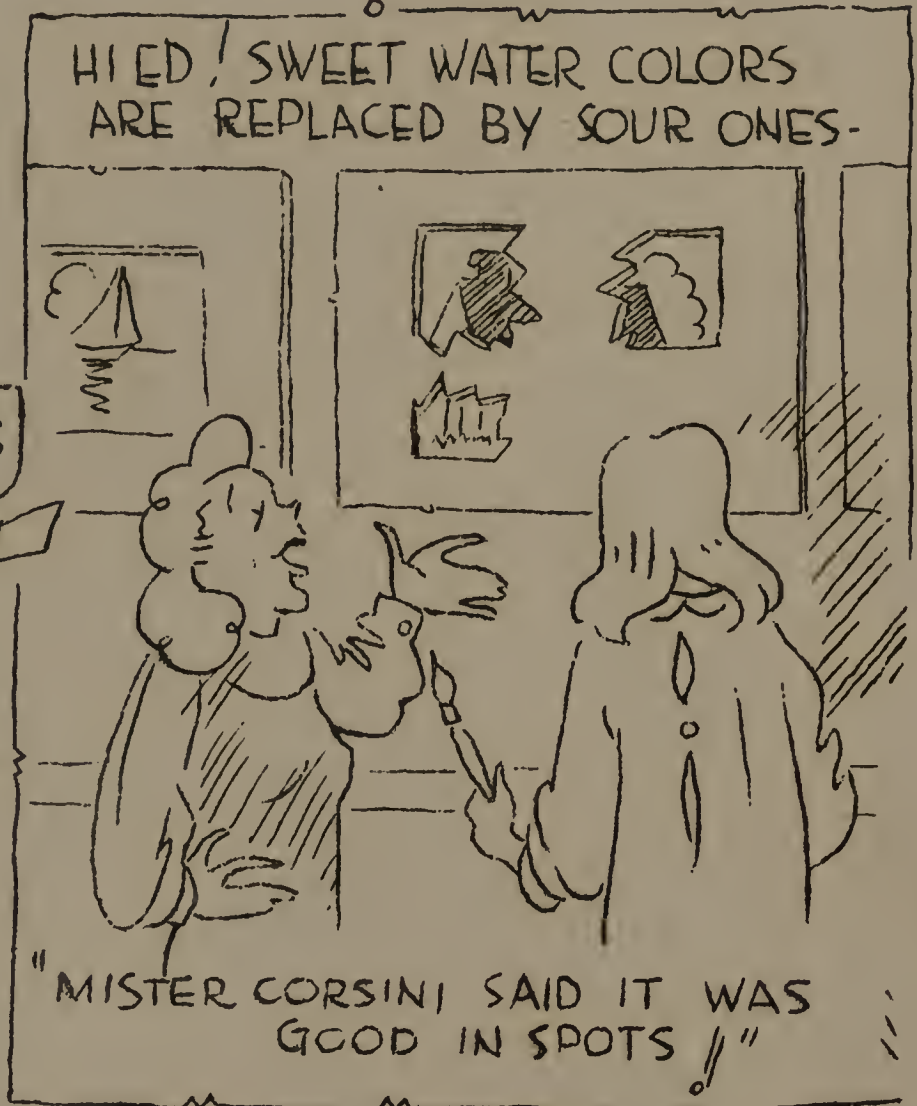


TO SOPHOMORES NOW DRAWING BEADS ON THE AXIS //

-FROM BOB THRESH 'R



•JOEL



•RAY



•DICK



RONNIE



"NOTHING DRIED FASTER
THAN THAT PLASTER!"



TODAY'S SOPHOMORE CLASS !



TO SOMEHOW MORE NOW DRAWING
HEADS ON THE AXES

